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"RESIST WITH CARE THE SPIRIT OF INNOVATION UPON THE PRINCIPLES OF YOUR GOVERNMENT, HOWEVER SPECIOUS THE PRETEXT."—Washington.

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NO. 12.

Choice Poetry.

IT SNOWS—ITS FIVE PAGES.

BY MRS. SARAH J. HART.

"It snows!" cries the school-boy, "Hurrah!" and his shout
Is ringing through parlor and hall.
While, swift as the wings of the swallow, he's out,
And his playmates have answered his call!
It makes the heart leap but in witness their joys—
Proud wealth has no pleasure, I trow,
Like the rapture that it rubs in the breast of the boy.
As he gathers his treasure of snow!
Then lay not the raptures of gold on thine ears,
While health and the riches of Nature are there.
"It snows!" cries the unblest, "Ah!" and his
breath,
Comes heavy as clogged with a weight;
While from the pale aspect of Nature in death,
He turns to the blue of his grave;
And nearer, and nearer, his soft cushioned chair
Is wheeled toward the life-giving flame;
He dreads a chaf-puff of the snow-burdened air,
Least it whither his delicate frame.
O! small is the pleasure existence can give,
When the fear that we shall die only proves that
we live.

"It snows!" cries the traveler, "Ho!" and the
word

Has quickened the steed's lagging pace:
The wind rushes by, but its howl is unheard—
Unfelt the sharp drift in his face:
For bright through the tempest, his own home ap-
pears.

Although longues intense, he can see
There's the red glowing hearth, and the table pre-
pared.

And his wife with her babe at her knee:
Blest thought! how it lightens the grief-laden heart.
That those we love dearest are safe in our power.

"It snows!" cries the belle, "dear, how lucky!"
and turns

From her mirror, to watch the flakes fall;
Like the first rose in summer her dimpled cheek
burns.

While musing on sigh-ride and ball—
There are visions of conquests, of splendor and
mirth.

Flowing over drier winter's dark day,
But the odors of hope, on the storm-beaten earth,
Will melt like the snow-flakes away—
Turn, turn thee to heaven, fair maiden, for bliss—
That world has a pure fountain 'er opened on this.

"It snows!" cries the widow, "Oh God!" and she
sighs.

How swift the voice of her prayer,
Its burden ye'll read in her tear-swollen eyes,
Or her cheek sunk with fasting and care:
"Thou night and her fatherless ask her for bread—
But 'He gives the young ravens their food.'"
And she trusts, till the cold heart hears ad horror
to dread.

As she lays on her last chip of wood,
Poor sufferer! thy sorrow thy God only knows—
'Tis a most bitter lot to be poor when it snows.

"It snows!" cries the child, "Oh God!" and she
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while in one corner, nearest to the fire-place,
was a heap of straw and tattered blankets,
which served as a resting-place for the
brother and sister. Part of a tallow candle
was burning upon the table, and by its dim
light one might have seen that wretched
mother's countenance. It was pale and
wan, and wet with tears. The faces of her
children were both buried in her lap, and
they seemed to sleep peacefully under her
prayerful guardianship.

At length the sound of footsteps upon
the snow-crust struck upon the mother's
ears, and hastily arousing her children, she
hurried them to their lowly bed, and hardly
had they crouched away beneath the thin
blankets, when the door opened, and the
man, whom we have already seen before
that pretty cottage, entered the place. With
a trembling, fearful look, the wife gazed up
into her husband's face, and seemed ready
to crush back from his approach, when the
mark of a tear-drop upon his cheek caught
her eye. Could it be, thought she, that
that pearly drop was in truth a tear? No—
perhaps a snow flake had fallen there and
melted.

Once or twice, Thomas Wilkins seemed
upon the point of speaking some word to
his wife, but at length he turned slowly
away and silently undressed himself, and
soon after his weary limbs had touched the
bed he was asleep.

Long and earnestly did Mrs. Wilkins
gaze upon the features of her husband after
he had fallen asleep. There was something
strange in his manner—something unac-
countable. Surely he had not been drink-
ing; for his countenance had none of that
vacant, wild, demonic look that usually
rested there. His features were rather sad
and thoughtful, than otherwise; and—O,
heavens! is it possible—a smile played
about his mouth, and a sound, as if of
prayer, issued from his lips while yet he
slept!

A faint hope, like the misty vapor of ap-
proaching morn, fitted before the heart-
broken wife. But she could not grasp it;
she had no foundation for it; and with a
deep groan she left the phantom pass. She
went to her children, and drew the clothes
more closely about them; then she knelt
by their side, and after imprinting upon
their cheeks a mother's kiss, and uttering a
 fervent prayer in their behalf, she sought
the repose of her pillow.

Long ere the morning dawned, Thomas
Wilkins arose from his bed, dressed himself
and left the house. His poor wife awoke
just as he was going out, and she would
have called to him, but she dared not. She
would have told him that she had no food,
and no bread—not anything with which to
warm and feed the children; but he was
gone, and she sank back upon her pillow
and wept.

The light of morning came at length, but
Mrs. Wilkins had not risen from her bed,
nor had her children crawled from out their
resting-place. A sound of footsteps was
heard from without, accompanied by a noise,
as though a light sled were being dragged
through the snow. The door opened, and
her husband entered. He laid upon the
table a heavy wheaten loaf, a small pair
and a paper bundle; then from his pocket
he took another paper parcel, and again he
turned towards the door. When next he
entered he bore in his arms a load of wood;
and three times did he go out and return
with a load of the same description. Then
he bent over the fireplace, and soon a blaz-
ing fire snapped and sparkled on the hearth.
As soon as this was accomplished, Thomas
Wilkins bent over his children and kissed
them; then he went to the bedside of his
wife, and while some powerful emotion
stirred up his soul and made his chest heave,
he murmured:

"Kiss me, Lizzie."

Tightly that wife wound her arms about
the neck of her husband, and, as though the
love of years were entered in that one kiss,
she pressed it upon his lips.

"There—no more," he uttered, as he
gently laid the arm of his wife from his
neck; "these things I have brought are for
you and our children;" and as he spoke he
left the house.

Mrs. Wilkins arose from her bed, and
tremblingly she examined the articles upon
the table. She found the loaf, and in the
paper she found milk; one of the papers con-
tained two smaller bundles—one of tea, and
one of sugar, while in the remaining parcel
she found a nice lump of butter.

"O," murmured the poor wife and mother,
as she gazed upon the food thus spread
out before her, "whence came these? Can
it be that Thomas has stolen them? No,
he never did that! And then that look—
that kiss—those kind, sweet words! O,
my poor, poor heart, raise not a hope that
may only crush thee."

"Mother," at this moment spoke her
son, who had raised himself upon his elbow,
"is our father gone?"

"Yes, Charles."

"O, tell me, mother—did he not come
and kiss me and little Abby this morning?"

"Yes, yes—he did!" cried the mother,
as she flew to the side of her boy and wound
her arms about him.

"And mother," said the child, in low,
trembling accents, while he turned a tear-
ful look to his parent's face, "will not father
be good to us once more?"

That mother could not speak—she could
only press her children more fondly to her
bosom, and weep a mother's tears upon
them.

Was Lizzie Wilkins happy as she sat her
children down to that morning's meal?—
At least a ray of sunshine was struggling
to gain entrance to her bosom.

Towards the middle of the afternoon, Mr.
Abel Walker, a retired sea captain of some
wealth, sat in his comfortable parlor en-
gaged in reading, when one of his servants
informed him that some one at the door
wished to see him.

"Tell him to come in, then,"
"But it's that miserable Wilkins, sir,"
"Never mind," said the captain, after a
moment's hesitation, "show him in. Poor
fellow," he continued, after the servant had
gone, "I wonder what he wants. In truth
I pity him."

With a trembling step and downcast look,
Thomas Wilkins entered Captain Walker's
parlor.

"Ah, Wilkins," said the old Captain,
"what has brought you here?"

The poor man twice attempted to speak,
but his heart failed him.

"Do you come for charity?"

"No, sir," quickly returned Wilkins,
while his eyes gleamed with a proud light.

"Then sit down and out with it," said
Walker, in a blunt, but kind tone.

"Captain Walker," commenced the poor
man, as he took the proffered seat, "I have
come to ask you if you still own that little
cottage beyond the hill."

"I do."

"And is it occupied?"

"No."

"Is it engaged?"

"No," returned the captain, regarding his
visitor with uncommon interest. "But why
do you ask?"

"Captain Walker," said Wilkins, in a
firm, and manly tone, even though his eyes
gleamed and his lips quivered, "I have been
poor and degraded, deeply steeped in the
dregs of poverty and disgrace. Everything
that made life valuable, I have almost lost.
My wife and children have suffered—and
Oh! God only knows how keenly! I have
long wandered in the path of sin. One af-
ter another the tender cords of friendship
that used to bind me to the world have snap-
ped in sunder; my name has become a by-
word, and upon the earth I have been a foul
blot. But, sir, from henceforth I am a new
man. I have sworn to touch the fatal cup no more; and
in my heart there is no lie. My wife and
my children shall suffer no more for the sins
they never committed. I have seen my old
employer at the machine-shop, and he has
given me a situation, and is even anxious
that I should come back; and, sir, he has
even been kind enough to give me an order
in advance for necessary articles of clothing,
food and furniture. To-morrow morning I
commence work."

"And you come to see if you could obtain
your cottage back again to live in?" said
Captain Walker, as Wilkins hesitated.

"Yes, sir—to see if I could hire it of you,"
returned the poor man.

"Wilkins, how much can you make at
your business?" bluntly asked the old cap-
tain, without seeming to heed the request.

"My employer is going to put me on a job
of work, sir; and as soon as I get my hand
in, I can easily make from twelve to four-
teen dollars a week."

"And how much will it take to support
your family?"

"As soon as I get cleared up, I can easily
get along with five or six dollars a week."

"Then you might be able to save about
four hundred dollars a year."

"I mean to do that, sir."

A few moments Captain Walker gazed
into the face of his visitor, and then he asked:

"Have you pledged yourself yet?"

"Before God and my heart, I have; but
one of my errands here was to get you to
write me a pledge, and have it made to my
wife and children."

Captain Walker sat down to his table and
wrote the required pledge, and then, in a
trembling, but bold hand, Thomas Wilkins
signed it.

"Wilkins," said the old man, as he took
his visitor by the hand, "I have watched
well your countenance, and weighed your
words. I know you speak truth. When
I bought that cottage from your creditors
six years ago, I paid them one thousand
dollars for it. It has not been harmed,
and is as good as it was then. Most of the
time I have received good rent for it.—
Now, sir, you shall have it for just what I
paid for it, and each month you shall pay
me such a sum as you can comfortably spare
until it is paid. I will ask you no rent,
nor for a cent of interest. You shall have a
deed of the estate, and in return I will take
but a single note and mortgage, upon which
you can have your own time."

Thomas Wilkins tried to thank the old
man for his kindness, but he only sank
back in his chair, and wept like a child;
and while he yet sat with his face buried in
his hands, the old man slipped from the
room. And when at length he returned,
he bore in his hands a neatly covered box.

"Come, come," the captain exclaimed,
"cheer up, my friend. Here are some tit-
bits for your wife and children—take this
bowl; and believe me, Wilkins, if you feel
half as happy in receiving my favor as I do
in bestowing it, you are happy indeed."

"O God!—God will bless you for this,
sir!" exclaimed the kindness-stricken man,
"and if I betray your confidence, may I die
on the instant!"

"Stick to your pledge, Wilkins, and I
will take care of the rest," said the captain,
as his friend took the basket. "If you
have time to-morrow, call on me, and I will
arrange the papers."

As Thomas Wilkins once more entered
the street his joy was light and easy. A
bright light of gladness shone in every fea-
ture, and as he walked his way homeward,
he felt in every artery of his soul that he
was one more a man!

The gloomy shades that ushered in the
night of the thirty-first of December had fallen
upon the snow-clad earth. Within the

miserable dwelling of Mrs. Wilkins there
was more of comfort than we found when
first we visited her, but yet nothing had
been added to the furniture of the place.—
For the last six days her husband had come
home every evening, and gone away before
daylight every morning, and during that
time she knew that he had drunk no in-
toxiating beverage, for already had his face
begun to assume the stamp of his former
manhood, and every word that he had spoken
had been kind and affectionate. To his
children he had brought new shoes and
warmer clothing, and to herself he had given
such things as she stood in immediate need
of; but yet, with all this, he had been tacit-
urn and thoughtful, showing a dislike of
all questions, and only speaking such words
as were necessary. The poor, devoted, lov-
ing wife, began to hope! And why should
she not? For six years her husband had
not been thus before. One week ago she
draped his approach; but now she found
herself waiting for him with all the anxiety
of former years. Should all this be broken?
Should this new charm be swept away?—
Eight o'clock came, and so did nine and ten,
and yet her husband came not!

"Mother," said little Charles, just as the
clock struck ten, seeming to have awakened
from a dreamy slumber, "isn't this the last
night of the old year?"

"Yes, my son."

"And do you know what I've been dream-
ing, dear mother? I dreamed that father
had brought us New Year's presents, just
the same as he used to. But he won't, will
he? He's too poor now!"

"No, my dear boy, we shall have no other
present than food; and even for that we
must thank dear father. There, lay your
head in my lap again."

The boy laid his curly head once more in
his mother's lap, and with fearful eyes she
gazed upon his innocent form.

The clock struck eleven! The poor wife
was yet on her tireless, sleepless watch!—
But hardly had the sound of the last stroke
died away, ere the snow-crust gave back the
sound of a footfall, and in a moment more
her husband entered. With a trembling
fear she raised her eyes to his face, and a
wild thrill of joy went to her heart as she
saw that all there was open and bold—only
those manly features looked more joyous,
more proud than ever.

"Lizzie," he said, in mild, kind accents,
"I am late to-night, but business has de-
tained me, and now I have a favor to ask of
thee."

"Name it, dear Thomas, and you shall
not ask a second time," cried the wife, as
she laid her hand confidently upon her hus-
band's arm.

"And you will ask me no questions?"

"No, I will not."

"Then," continued the husband, as he
bent over and imprinted a kiss upon his
wife's brow, "I want you to dress our chil-
dren for a walk, and you shall accompany
us. The night is calm and tranquil, and
the snow is well trodden. Ah, no questions!
Remember your promise!"

Lizzie Wilkins knew not what this all
meant, nor did she think to care; for any-
thing that could please her husband she
would have done with pleasure, even tho'
it had wrenched her heart-strings. In a
short time the two children were ready;
then Mrs. Wilkins put on such articles of
dress as she could command, and soon they
were in the road. The moon shone bright,
the stars peeped down upon the earth, and
they seemed to smile upon the travelers
from out their twinkling eyes of light. Silently
Wilkins led the way, and silently his
wife and children followed. Several
times the wife gazed up into her husband's
countenance; but from the strange ex-
pression that rested there, she could make
out nothing that tended to satisfy her.

At length, a slight turn in the road
brought them suddenly upon the pretty
white cottage, where years before they had
been so happy. They approached the spot.
The snow in the front yard was shovelled
away, and a path led up to the piazza.—
Wilkins opened the gate—his wife trem-
blingly followed, she knew not wherefore.—
Then her husband opened the door, and in
the entry they were met by the smiling
countenance of old Capt. Walker, who
ushered them into the parlor, where a warm
fire glowed in the grate and where every-
thing looked neat and comfortable. Mrs.
Wilkins turned her gaze upon the old man
and then upon her husband. Surely, in
that greeting between the poor man and
the rich, there was none of that constraint
which would have been expected. They
met rather as friends and neighbors. What
does it mean?

Hark! the clock strikes twelve! The
old year has gone, and a new, bright-win-
ter day is about to commence its flight
over the earth!

Thomas Wilkins took the hand of his
wife within his own, and then drawing from
his bosom a paper, he placed it in her hand,
remarking as he did so:

"Lizzie, this is your husband's present
for the new year."

The wife took the paper, and she opened
it. She glanced its contents at a glance,
but she could not read it word for word,
for the streaming tears of wild frantic joy
would not let her. With a quick, nervous
movement she placed the precious pledge
next to her bosom; and then, with a low
murmur, like the gentle whispering of some
heaven-bent angel, she fell half fainting
into her husband's arms.

"Look up, my own dear wife," uttered
the redeemed man, "look up and smile upon
your husband; and you too, my children,
gather about your father—for a husband
and a father henceforth I will ever be—
look up, my wife. Henceforth—Now

Lizzie, feel proud with me, for we stand
within our own house! Yes, this cottage
is once more our own; and nothing but the
hand of death shall again take us hence.
Our good, kind friend here will explain it
all. O Lizzie, if there is happiness on earth,
it shall henceforth be ours! Let the past
be forgotten, and with this, the dawning of
a new year, let us commence to live in the
future."

Gently the husband and wife sank upon
their knees, clasped in each others arms;
and clinging joyfully to them knelt their con-
scious, happy children. A prayer from the
husband's lips wound its way to the throne
of grace; and, with the warm tears trickling
down his aged face, old Captain Walker
responded a heartfelt "Amen."

Five years have passed since that happy
moment. Thomas Wilkins has cleared his
pretty cottage from all memories of the past,
and a happier, or a more respected family do
not exist. And Lizzie—that gentle confiding
wife—as she takes that simple paper from
the drawer, and gazes again and again upon
that magic pledge it bears, weeps tears of
joy anew. Were all the wealth of the In-
dies poured out in one glittering blinding
pile at her feet, and all the honors of the
world added thereto, she would not for the
whole countless sum, give in exchange one
single word from that pledge which con-
stituted her HUSBAND'S PRESENT.

Miscellaneous.

Turn of Life.

From forty to sixty, a man who has pro-
perly regulated himself may be considered
as in the prime of life. His matured
strength of constitution renders him almost
impervious to the attacks of disease, and
experience has given him judgment, the
soundness of almost infallibility. His mind
is resolute, firm, and equal; all his func-

Dr. Marchisi's Universal Catholicon.
THE undersigned, having been duly appointed Agent for the sale of this truly Invaluable Medicine, would respectfully invite the attention of Ladies and Practitioners of Goutteckman.

...to the gratifying success that has attended its use wherever introduced, and its happy adaptation to the cure of all the distressing diseases for which it is offered; being therefore incalculably beneficial to the respectable female, whether married or single, and usually known by the name of

FEMALE COMPLAINTS,

...with all their accompanying evils, (Cancer excepted) no matter how severe, or of how long standing

That this CATUOLICON is in every way worthy of the confidence of the afflicted as a successful, safe and cheap remedy, is vouchsafed by the fact of its having received the approbation

MEDICAL FACULTY

in the United States; and also by the voluntary testimonials given in the pamphlets, from Ladies and Physicians of the highest respectability, as certified by the most satisfactory authority.

This preparation is not a "cure all," but is intended expressly for the above named complaints, and is very distressing in their nature and consequences, and which have heretofore resisted the skill and exertions of the most accomplished Physi-

THE INGREDIENTS, as certified by HIGH MEDICAL AUTHORITY, (see pamphlet,) are all **VEGETABLE**, and are not associated with any article entirely to the animal economy.

☞Pamphlets can be had gratis at my Drug Store.

SAMUEL S. FORNEY,
Druggist, Gettysburg.

REFERENCES.

P. B. Peckham, M. D., Utica, N. Y.
L. D. Fleming, M. D., New Bedford, Mass.
J. N. Farrow, M. D., Do. do.
M. M. Halls, M. D., Rochester, N. Y.
W. W. Reese, M. D., City of New York.
John C. Orack, M. D., Baltimore, Md.

W. Prescott, M. D., Coucord, N. H. 6m
 Jan. 12.

New York Importers & Jobbers,
FREEMAN, HODGES & CO.,
 58 Liberty street, near the Broadway and
 Nassau street, near the Post-office, New York.

WE are receiving, by daily arrivals from
 Europe, our Fall and Winter assortment
 rich fashionable

Pancy Silk and Millinery Goods.

We respectfully invite all Cash Purchasers
 thoroughly to examine our stock and prices, and,
 in **INTEREST** converse, we feel confident our goods
 and prices will induce them to select from our es-
 tablishment. Particular attention is devoted to
 Millinery Goods, and many of the articles are
 manufactured expressly to our order, and cannot

Beautiful Paris Ribbons, for Hat, Cap, Neck and Belt.
Satin and Taffeta Ribbons, of all widths and colors.
Silks, Satins, Velvets, and Uncut Velvets, for Trimmings.
Feathers, American and French Artificial Flowers, and Cap Trimmings.
Dress Trimmings, large assortment.
Embroideries, Capes, Collars, Undersleeves and Sleeves.
Fine Embroidered Revers and Hemstitch Cambrics and Kerchiefs.

Valenciennes, Brussels, Thread, Silk, and Lisle
 Thread, Laces.
 Kid, Silk, Sewing Silk, Lisle Thread, Morino
 Laces, and Mitts.
 Furged and Plain Swiss, Book, Bishop Lawn
 and Jaconet Muslins.
 English, French, American, and Italian
STRAW GOODS.

RIMBY & LAWRENCE,
TO CARRY ON THE
PAPER & RAG BUSINESS,
NO. 5 MONROE ST. PHILADELPHIA.

VHERE they intend keeping a large assortment of Papers, &c., consisting in part following:

Writing Papers; Wove and Laid, American and English
Half Posts and Note Papers; Wove and Laid, and Plain,
Crown Post, Flat Caps. Printing Papers, all sizes.
Hardware Papers, from 19 by 24 to 40 by 48, colored and White Tissue Papers, American and English. Hollingsworth's Patent Manila Papers, colored and White cover Papers, common and extra sizes. Buff Envelope Papers, colored Printing, and Cover Papers, Manila Papers, all sizes. Gilded Royal, all sizes.
Muslin, Blue Medium and Filtering Papers, Paper, Secret and Col'd Papers for Connecticut, &c. Manila and Straw Wrapping Papers, Gun, Binders', Box, Cap and Trunk Boards, White and Buff Envelopes; Legal, Letter, Note Card sizes.
For Sale, Porter & Co.'s

'PRINTERS' CARDS

Black, and sheets, white and colored—odd sizes, number. Also their Gilt, Figured and Plain colored papers.

W. B. P. KIMPEY, Late of 88 N. Third St.
LAWRENCE, Late of No. 3 Andover St.

Philadelphia, July 7. 6m

TEAM MARBLE WORKS,
Cor. of North and Monument Streets,
Baltimore, Md.

SEASON & BAIRD having completed their extensive works, (which is now one of the largest establishments of the kind in this country,) prepared to fill all orders in their line, viz:

TABLE MANTLES, MONUMENTS, GRAVE STONES, Table Tops, Tiles, Floors, MARBLE LETTERS, &c. at as low rates as can be had in this or any other part of the Union. For beauty of

ability of design, their stock cannot be sur-
passed. They would respectfully invite Architects,
Painters, Builders and others to call and
view before purchasing. They are also pre-
pared to furnish the trade with Slabs, Blocks, &c.,
&c.

GROUND PLASTER,
 for sale at **Lorust Grove Steam Mill** in Germany township.

SPETING, and Floor Oil Cloth can be had
very low of
A. B. KURTZ
N. H. 1000 BRIDGE ST. N. H.

1. 1. The first part of the document is a letter from the

FABRISTOCK'S STORE **STILL AHEAD!**

FABRISTOCK & SONS would respectfully inform their friends that they have just received from New York, Philadelphia and Baltimore, the largest and most complete stock of goods ever offered to the public; they invite their friends to give them a call. It embraces:

DRY GOODS, GROCERIES, QUEENWARE, HARDWARE, Saddlery, Oil and Fat, Dry Goods, CEDAR WARE, &c.

The Fabrics are particularly selected to call and examine their quality. **DRY GOODS, GROCERIES, QUEENWARE, HARDWARE, Saddlery, Oil and Fat, Dry Goods, CEDAR WARE, &c.**

GROCERIES. They are also prepared with the largest stock of **HARDWARE** in the County, to offer inducements to purchasers, and particularly Builders, who can be furnished with all their necessary requirements at a little lower than they can be had elsewhere.

WE HAVE THE GOODS NOW, AND NO MISTAKE! **W. W. PAXTON** has just returned from New York, Philadelphia and Baltimore, with the largest and most complete stock of goods ever offered to the public; they invite their friends to give them a call. It embraces:

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NEW GOODS. **George Arnold**

Has just returned from Philadelphia and Baltimore, and is now opening at the Old Stand, a beautiful and well selected **STOCK OF GOODS,**

CLOTHES, CASSIMERES, CASSINETTES, Velvet Coats, Suspenders, Kentucky Jeans, Tweeds, Overcoats, Cloths, Alpaca, plain and figured, of every variety, Merinos, Cashmires, Cording Cloth, M. de Laines, Silks, Calicoes, Ginghams, Long and Square Shirts, of every variety, very cheap, Flannels, Blankets, Domestic, Gloves, Hosiery, Bonnet Ribbons, Trimmings, &c., &c., with a large lot of

Fresh Groceries & Queensware together with almost every article in the store, all of which will be sold cheap for Cash or Produce.

WE DO NOT BOAST, BUT WE WITH OUR FRIENDS especially to understand that we will not be out of place in any article, by any establishment in this place or elsewhere. We buy for Cash, and cannot be best.

P. S. A FEW STOVES on hand, which will be sold very cheap.

OLD DEBTS blankly received.

NEW GOODS—NEW GOODS. **FIRST OF THE SEASON!**

The Cheap Corner always ahead with New and Fashionable Goods!

THE CAMPAIGN HAS ALREADY OPENED. **NEW—THE BALL BEGINS!**

DE LAINE—DE LAINE. Just received the largest lot of M. de Laines ever offered in this place—which will be sold at prices that will astonish the natives.

Also, the largest lot of SHAWLS ever brought to town, which will be sold at prices that cannot be beat anywhere in the County.

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SOMETHING NEW! **MERCHANT TAILORING** **ESTABLISHMENT.** **SKELLY & HOLLEBAUGH,** **MERCHANT TAILORS.**

RESPECTFULLY inform their friends and the public generally that they have just returned from the City, and are now opening at their establishment in SOUTH BALTIMORE STREET, near the Diamond, (old stand of J. H. Skelly), the most choice selection of

CLOTHES. ever offered in this place, embracing French Black, Blue, Black and Green, Olive and Brown. Also French, Dress and Suits.

CASSIMERES. Kentucky Jeans, Cotton Jeans, Tweeds, Cashmires, Linen for Collars and Handkerchiefs, &c., while their assortment of

READY-MADE CLOTHING. is of the richest kind. Their TRIMMINGS embrace every thing that may be required, such as plain and fancy Buttons, Alpaca, Silk Serge, plain Silk, Muslin, &c. They are also getting up a full assortment of

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A CARD.

THE undersigned, having removed from Adams County, to the City of Gettysburg, has taken up his abode in the professional business in his hands, that the public, with the papers relating thereto, has been placed in the hands of **JAMES G. REED,** Esq. of Gettysburg, whom the undersigned recommends to them as fully worthy of their confidence, both for professional skill and integrity.

DANIEL M. SMYLER. N. B. I would also respectfully request all persons knowing themselves to be indebted to me, to be prepared to make payment on or before the 1st day of April next—at which time I shall be in Gettysburg, for a few days; to close up my business.

D. M'CONAUGHY. **ATTORNEY AT LAW.** Office on the South-East Corner of the Public Square, one door west of George Arnold's Store, formerly occupied as a Law Office by John M'Conaughy, Esq.

ATTORNEY AND SOLICITOR. He has made arrangements through which he can furnish very desirable facilities to applicants, and relieve them from the necessity of a journey to Washington.

OFFICE OF M. C. is prepared to attend to the prosecution of claims for BOUNTY LAND Soldiers of the War of 1812 and others—the selection of choice lands, and settling their Bounties—procuring Patents, and locating Soldiers' land to the best advantage.

Apply personally or by letter. Gettysburg, Nov. 4.

JAMES G. REED. **ATTORNEY AT LAW.** Office on the south side of the Public Square, two doors west of the Sentinel Office, April 10.

W. M. B. M'CALLAN. **ATTORNEY AT LAW.** Office South-East Corner of the Franklin House, formerly occupied as Sheriff's Office by Geo. W. M'Callan, Esq. Dec. 23.

JOSEPH P. CLARKSON. **Attorney at Law and Solicitor in Chancery.** CHICAGO, ILLINOIS.

WILL attend promptly to all business entrusted to him and to the location of **MILITARY LAND WARRANTS.** REFERENCES: R. G. HARPER, Esq. & Sept. 29.

REMOVAL. **ALEX. FRIZER.** TAKES this method to return his thanks for the liberal patronage heretofore bestowed upon him, and to inform his friends that he has removed his establishment to the room adjoining Middle Church, on Chambersburg Street, where he has on hand a very fine assortment of

CLOCKS. Watches, Jewels, Spectacles, and every thing else in his line, and at such prices as cannot fail to please. His stock has recently been enlarged, and he is now offering some very fine Clocks, Watches, Spectacles, Rings, Finger Rings, Breast Pins, Watch Chains and Guards, Watch Keys, &c. In give him a call.

REMOVAL. **J. Lawrence Hill, M. D.** HAS removed his Office to the building opposite the Lutheran Church on Chambersburg Street, two doors east of Mr. Middleleaf's Store, where those wishing to have any Medical operations performed, are respectfully invited to call.

Dr. C. N. Berlichy (Rev. J. C. Watson, D. D., D. Horner, C. P. Krauth, D. D., C. A. Cuvillier, Prof. M. Jacobs, D. Gilbert, H. L. Baugher, W. M. Reynolds) Gettysburg, July 3.

2,000 LADIES. **AWAY COOKING STOVE.** is now on hand, and will be sold at a low price, as it is a new one, and has been used only a few days. It is a very fine one, and will be sold at a low price, as it is a new one, and has been used only a few days.

GETTYSBURG FOUNDRY AND MACHINE SHOP. Where the subscribers feeling determined to suit all persons, have established a Foundry, and Machine Shop, and are now opening at the Public Square, and are now opening at the Public Square, and are now opening at the Public Square.

The Saylor Plough. which cannot be surpassed for lightness of draught, and for the ease with which it is worked, and for the ease with which it is worked, and for the ease with which it is worked.

NEW YORK IMPORTERS & JOBBERS, FREEMAN, HODGES & CO. 58 Liberty Street, between Broadway and Nassau Street, near the Post Office, New York.

WE are receiving by the arrival from Europe, our Fall and Winter assortment of rich fashionable

Fancy Silk and Millinery Goods. We respectfully invite all Cash Purchasers to examine our stock and prices, and to be satisfied with the quality and price of our goods.

MAHLE MANTLES, TABLE TOPS, Monuments, Tombs & Head Stones. of the finest and most durable Marble and Vermorel Marble of which they have just prepared a large stock, and feel competent to dress it in a style which cannot be surpassed. The charges too will be as low as possible. Charges too will be as low as possible.

HOVER'S INK MANUFACTORY. No. 144 Race Street, (Between Second and Fifth, opposite Green Street, Philadelphia.)

WHERE the proprietor is enabled, by an increased stock of Ink, to supply the growing demand for HOVER'S INK, which its wide-spread reputation has created.

COFFIN. All orders for Coffins will meet with the same prompt attention as heretofore.

CITY HOTEL. No. 41 and 43 North Third Street, PHILADELPHIA.

THE subscribers have leave to state that they have been charitably relieved, and improved the above Establishment, in a manner approved by all those in the County.

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THE GREAT BRITISH QUARTERLIES **AND** **BLACKWOOD'S MAGAZINE.**

Important Information in the sales of Postage PREMIUMS TO NEW SUBSCRIBERS!!

LEONARD SCOTT & CO., No. 34, Gold Street, New York.

CONTINUE to publish the following British Periodicals, viz:

The London Quarterly Review (Conservative), The Edinburgh Review (Whig), The North British Review (Free Church), The Westminster Review (Liberal), and

Blackwood's Edinburgh Magazine (Tory.) Although these works are distinguished by the political shades above indicated, yet a small portion of their contents is devoted to political subjects, and their literary character, which gives them their high value, is not affected by their political bias.

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